

Good Morning 105

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

By CALL BOY

★
Showtime
on leave
★

"IT'S Time to Dance," according to the title of Jack Buchanan's new musical show, and since he stresses the matter, one feels justified in observing that a very charming and neat ballet number is omitted from the programme, and likewise the young couple's names.

This was one of the high spots of the show for this critic, who could more easily have dispensed with the services of the coloured gentleman with the skill of a contortionist, one Buddy Bradley, who is described as being in charge of dance arrangements. Mr. Bradley's performances were just rather monotonous.

Jack Buchanan was his own deliciously gay and inconsequent self, and he found an adequate dancing partner in Elsie Randolph.

Desiree, glamorous, ex-Windmill Theatre showgirl, is a highlight in this show. Her dancing, unanimously acclaimed as tops, and her beauty, discreetly adorned, justify top billing in any show. This is no exception. She is truly delightful, and her return to the capital will be more than welcome.

The most outstanding feature of the rotund Fred Emney's performance was, as always, his very able contribution from the piano, which—sometimes—accompanies Jack Buchanan's violin.

"It's Time to Dance" is not likely to take London by storm when it concludes its Midland tour, but it certainly sparkles none the less brightly than quite a few shows of this ilk now playing in the West End.

ROBEY AGAIN.

A RED-NOSED little man with a cane and a bowler hat and a big kiss for his stage partner, Violet Lorraine, stole the show at the Albert Hall opening of C. B. Cochran's great melody show, "Seventy Years of Song."

His name was George Robey. Six thousand people remembered such songs as "If You were the Only Girl in the World."

Old soldiers and old staggers sang it in chorus.

In the Royal Box, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and Ambassadors of all the United Nations listened and applauded.

It was a great come-back for George and his international eyebrows.

Mr. Cochran gave us songs from the Boer War days down to "Roll Out the Barrel."

It was a gamble whether the old or the new songs would win. But when Ivor Novello, dapper and smiling, with a rose in his buttonhole, accompanied himself in "Keep the Home Fires Burning," Leslie Hutchinson sang dramatic numbers from the Cochran revues of the 'twenties, and Evelyn Laye trilled nostalgic melodies from "Bitter Sweet," it looked as though the old songs had it.

AIR FORCE SEQUEL.

THE starring combination of "Air Force"—John Garfield, George Tobias and Harry Carey, together with other members of the cast—will be brought together again in "Destination Tokio." The story deals with

submarine activities in Japanese waters.

Delmar Daves, who has been responsible for some of the screen's most successful scripts, will make his debut as director of the picture for Warner Bros.

FRENCH THEATRE.

THE French National Committee is almost ready for the opening of a French Theatre in London. It will be called Theatre Moliere.

M. Bonifas, formerly of the Comédie Francaise, will be director. Most of the actors are recruited from the Free French Comedians, who, since 1940, have given 200 performances in Britain.

THE NEW SLANG SITUATION.

THE studio slang changes all the time. Some of the newest I present right here. "Chase": when a picture has too much "chase" it means it has too much action. "Blow" is when an actor misses his lines or spoils a scene. "Fig-bar" is what you do when you hand your boss some piece of flattering boloney.

Here's Desiree



They've the right idea
—down Devon way!



MEAVY, that lovely village on the edge of Dartmoor is still the same as it has been for hundreds of years. War has not touched it. The "Royal Oak," built before Queen Elizabeth reigned, watches the little village green, with the grey old church looking over its shoulder.

Four hundred years old and more is the inn. It is still the meeting place of the village men. They take a personal pride in it, for they own it.

At the cost of tuppence on the rates they maintain it. It is only natural they should keep an eye on their property, even- ing time.

It was built when things were built solid. Thick stone walls, with small, low windows, ceiling beams of oak, black with age and smoke, stone slab floors, aslant with years and wear—it is a thing of beauty.

In the great fireplace in the bar four men can sit at ease, drinking their ale and toasting their feet at the open fire on winter evenings.

So that the soot shall not fall

into their beer, little corrugated iron canopies are fixed over the seats. In daytime you can see the sky through the top of the tall chimney. At night, the stars.

Opening a small iron door at one side of the chimney, the landlord, Will Wrattling, ex-Marine, showed me the ancient oven where, in olden times, they cooked their bread and their meat. They filled it with red embers and white-hot ash until it was hot enough to do the baking.

Last Christmas an old custom was revived at the "Royal Oak." A bound faggot of ash wood, brought in by a local farmer, was placed on the fire. As each band of the faggot burst the gathered villagers were entitled to call for a gallon of ale at the farmer's expense.

THE OLD, OLD OAK.

The ageless oak from which the inn took its name has only a shell for a trunk. Great baulks of timber help it to bear the weight of its heavy, knotted, whirling boughs. But the branches bear fresh green

leaves each spring and give shade for the rustic bench beneath its spread.

Before the villagers, as they sit on the bench of a summer evening, stands a huge slab of Dartmoor granite. On it is graven the words, "Under this oak tree, by the sanctuary of the Lord, I set up this stone. And it shall be a remembrance unto them."

It is a memorial to the rough-hewn, sturdy lads of Meavy who fought in the last war.

There is a photograph of "Sonny" on the wall of the chief room of the inn—"Sonny," the old sheep-dog who wagged a welcome to the hundreds of visitors to Meavy in the days of peace. He died last August, aged, old and faithful.

"Jacko" Prout sends you greetings, you submariners who know and are known at Meavy.

So does Thomas, his son, and so does Les Elford, the timber feller—and Will Wrattling.

And so, for that matter, do all the village of Meavy. They hope to see you out there again.

To Leading Stoker Russett—A Wave from the Window

HERE'S a joint message from your Mother and Father at Ipswich—

"Your letter about the parcel came all right—but looked as though it had been in water. The parcel has not shown up yet—July 16th.

"We hope to see you soon, and all at home send love."

You will be glad to hear your Mother has made a fine recovery; the broken leg has set well and she can now walk without a stick. Your Father says, "Tell him

I am still in the same place." Maybe you know where that is.

He also wonders if you will be interested to know there is a lot of gardening which needs your attention.

His two weeks' leave is nearly up—July 19th.

There seems to have been a more or less mysterious disappearance of some chocolate your Mother had put aside for you.

Your Father's guess is that MAE found it first.

You probably know your sister well enough to know he is right.



Tabloid Tales—No. 4

THE BISHOPS AT THE PRIZE FIGHT

By W. H. MILLIER

KING EDWARD VII, when Prince of Wales, was generally referred to as a "real sport." He cut out a hot pace for the lads of the "naughty nineties," but they weren't half as naughty as they were cracked up to be.

It was just a kicking over the traces, the natural reaction to the stiff-buckled, well-harnessed Victorian high-horse.

The bearing rein era would be about the best label one could use to identify it. All spirited animals snort at the bearing rein, and the young bloods of that period, in taking the bit between their teeth, made the road much smoother for succeeding generations.

This, however, is no sermon, so we'll slide off the soap-box.

To say that the then Prince of Wales was popular is to state the obvious, though one can quite imagine the raised eyebrows and pained expressions in certain quarters when it was known that he hobnobbed with prize-fighters.

Ned Donnelly, than whom there was no more capable boxing instructor, was known as the Royal Professor. He had given lessons to the Prince of Wales, and thereafter displayed the Prince of Wales's feathers on the door of his fistic emporium in Panton Street, Haymarket.

The most complete text-book on the art of self-defence had been published bearing Donnelly's name as author, and it was a jealous rival who pointed out that if you ever saw Donnelly pretending to read a newspaper he would be holding it upside down.

Still, what Donnelly didn't know about the noble art wasn't worth knowing. He was entitled to carry his head high. He had even taken part in a fight in the grounds of Buckingham Palace itself, and you cannot get much higher than that.

The reigning Shah of Persia had come to visit Queen Victoria. During the visit he told the Prince of Wales that he wanted to see a real prize fight, with plenty of blood.

Always ready to oblige in a sporting capacity, His Royal Highness sent for Lord Queensberry, who was just as eager to keep in this line.

Lord Queensberry thought of Ned Donnelly as the champion of the day, and, securing the best opponent for him, the fight was arranged to take place in Buckingham Palace mews.

This particular Shah was famous for many things, the most notable being his inviolable lateness for any appointment. The day of the fight was no exception to this rule, and, owing to the lateness, the venue had to be altered. A quiet spot under a wall in the corner of the gardens was chosen.

On his way to the fight the Shah dashed through a room where a deputation of bishops waited to beg his protection for the Christians in Persia. The Shah had other ideas at that moment and continued his dash.

Shah or no Shah, the bishops weren't being stalled so easily as all that. They followed him into the gardens, and, to their horror, came upon the prize fight.

To the Shah's great disgust the affair was stopped. Lord Shaftesbury, known to all and sundry as "The Good Earl," let himself go well and truly on the subject of "the disgrace of a prize fight in the Queen's Palace." He was the leader of the deputation.

It was all smoothed over; and even what the Shah said about the Christians in Persia was very highly glossed in the process of interpretation.

Periscope Page
WANGLING WORDS

1.—Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after RATIAT, and make a word.
2.—Rearrange the letters of THERE POOR BUG, to make a cathedral city.
3.—Change CLOUD into SHINE, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration. Change in the same way: MICE into RATS, ROSE into BUSH, SOUR into RIPE.
4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word INGRATITUDE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 66

- 1.—REncountRE.
2.—HAMMERSMITH.
3.—FOUL, FOUR, SOUR, SOAR, ROAR, REAR, HEAR, HEIR, HAIR, FAIR.
COCK, LOCK, LACK, LACE, RACE, RICE, DICE, DIRE, WIRE, WORE, CORE, CORD, CARD, BARD, BIRD.
COLD, BOLD, BALD, BALE, BATE, BATH.
NORTH, FORTH, FORTS, TORTS, TOOTS, TOOTH, SOUTH, SOUTH.
4.—Part, Pare, Reap, Pate, Tape, Race, Care, Cite, Cape, Pace, Pier, Ripe, Tare, Rate, Tear, Cart, Trip, Pair, Rape, Trap, Tart, Pict, Rite, Tier, etc.
Trace, Tract, Prate, Price, Tacit, Cater, Capet, Pater, Pacer, Tripe, Trice, Trite, Trait, Treat, etc.

S	H	A	M	B	L	E
R	E	D	O	U	B	T
S	I	N	N	E	R	S
B	E	N	T	L	E	Y
S	C	H	E	M	E	S
S	O	L	V	E	N	T
B	R	A	I	S	E	D
H	I	N	D	E	R	S
S	T	R	E	A	K	S
M	O	R	O	C	C	O

Solution to yesterday's Missing Words.

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9		10			11		
12				13			14
	15			16			
17			18			19	
		20			21		
22	23	24		25		26	27
28		29			30		
31				32			33
	34			35			
36							37

- CLUES DOWN.
1 Dandy. 2 Girl's name. 3 Silk dress fabric. 4 Conducted. 5 Otherwise. 6 Poem. 7 Hubs. 8 Degree in rank. 10 Fodder plant. 13 Sticky exudation. 14 Quit. 16 Slacken. 17 Boom. 18 Bean pods. 21 Store-house. 23 Swiftly. 24 Discussion place. 26 Protection. 27 Low gruff sound. 29 Inside. 32 Garden plot. 33 Utter. 35 Concerning.

- CLUES ACROSS.
1 Winnow. 4 Medicinal tablet. 9 Boy's name. 11 Equal footing. 12 Longed. 13 Competitor. 15 Sleeping place. 16 Slope backwards. 17 Seats. 19 Ocean. 20 Damp. 22 Awkward bout. 25 Ancestry. 28 Marred. 30 Through. 31 Mountain lakes. 32 Sham. 34 Style. 35 Layer at back of eyeball. 36 Shifted. 37 Animal enclosure.

SMASH CADET
OOZE HOMAGE
USUAL BARGE
TARTAR ZEST
HIE TAMES H
C VIVID T
C LINEN CAT
AFAR NEBULA
PARTY SOBER
ENDUED RIND
RESET JETTY

Baron Munchausen tells
A STORY THAT WON'T HOLD WATER
ABOUT A HORSE THAT WOULDN'T

I HAVE always been as remarkable for the excellency of my horses, dogs, guns and swords, as for the proper manner of using and managing them, so that upon the whole I may hope to be remembered in the forest, upon the turf, and in the field. I shall not enter here into any detail of my stables, kennel, or armoury; but a favourite bitch of mine I cannot help mentioning to you—she was a greyhound, and I never had or saw a better.

Dog-tired

She grew old in my service, and was not remarkable for her size, but rather for her uncommon swiftness. I always coursed with her. Had you seen her, you must have admired her, and would not have wondered at my coursing her so much. She ran so fast, so much, and so long in my service that she actually ran off her legs; so that, in the latter part of her life, I was under the necessity of working and using her only as a terrier, in which quality she still served me many years.

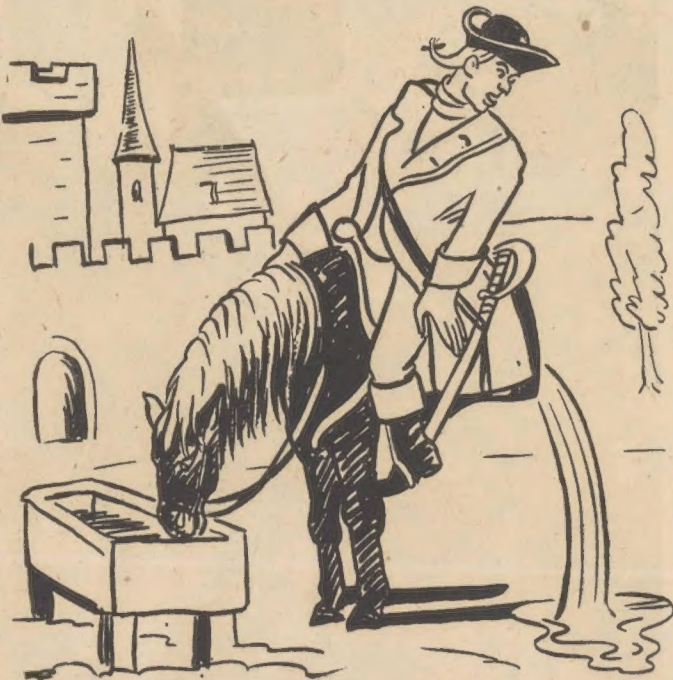
Coursing one day a hare, which appeared to me uncommonly big, I pitied my poor bitch, being big with pups. Yet she would course as fast as ever. I could follow her on horseback only at a great distance. At once I heard a cry as it were of a pack of hounds—but so weak and faint that I hardly knew what to make of it. Coming up to them, I was greatly surprised.

The hare had littered in running; the same had happened to my bitch in coursing—and there were just as many leverets as pups. By instinct the former ran, the latter coursed; and thus I found myself in possession at once of six hares, and as many dogs, at the end of a course which had only begun with one.

A Gift Horse

I remember this, my wonderful bitch, with the same pleasure and tenderness as a superb Lithuanian horse, which no money could have bought. He became mine by an accident, which gave me an opportunity of showing my horsemanship to a great advantage.

I was at Count Probosky's noble country-seat in Lithuania, and remained with the ladies at tea in the drawing-room, while the gentlemen were down in the yard, to see a young horse of blood, which had just arrived from the stud. We suddenly heard a noise of dis-



treas—I hastened downstairs, and found the horse so unruly that nobody durst approach or mount him. The most resolute horsemen stood dismayed and aghast; despondency was expressed in every countenance, when, in one leap, I was on his back, took him by surprise, and worked him quite into gentleness and obedience, with the best display of horsemanship I was master of.

Fully to show this to the ladies, and save them unnecessary trouble, I forced him to leap in at one of the open windows of the tea-room, walked round several times, pace, trot, and gallop; and at last made him mount the tea-table, there to repeat his lessons, in a pretty style of miniature, which was exceedingly pleasing to the ladies, for he performed them amazingly well, and did not break either cup or saucer.

It placed me so high in their opinion, and so well in that of the noble lord, that, with his usual politeness, he begged I would accept of this young horse, and ride him full career to conquest and honour in the campaign which was soon to be opened.

I could not indeed have received a more agreeable present, nor a more ominous one at the opening of that campaign, in which I made my apprenticeship as a soldier.

Camouflage plus

I went upon several expeditions, and the success I then met with is, I think, fairly, and only to be placed to my account, and to that of the brave fel-



lows whom I led on to conquest and to victory.

We had very hot work once in the van of the army, when we drove the enemy into Oczakow. My spirited horse had almost brought me into a scrape. I had an advanced fore-post, and saw the enemy coming against me in a cloud of dust, which left me rather

uncertain about their actual numbers and real intentions.

To wrap myself up in a similar cloud was common prudence, but would not have much advanced my knowledge, or answered the end for which I had been sent out. Therefore, I let my men on both wings spread to the right and left, and make what dust they could, and I myself led on straight upon the enemy, to have a nearer sight of them. In this I was gratified, for they stood and fought till, for fear of my men, they began to move off rather disorderly.

This was the moment to fall upon them with spirit; we broke them entirely—made a terrible havoc amongst them, and drove them not only back to a walled town in their rear, but even through it, contrary to our most sanguine expectation.

The swiftness of my horse enabled me to be foremost in the pursuit, and seeing the enemy fairly flying through the opposite gate, I thought it would be prudent to stop in the market-place, to order the men to rendezvous. I stopped; but judge of my astonishment when in this market-place I saw not one of my hussars about me! Are they scouring the other streets, or what is become of them? They could not be far off, and must, at all events, soon join me.

Quite cut up about it

In that expectation I walked my panting horse to a spring

in this market-place and let him drink. He drank uncommonly—with an eagerness not to be satisfied, but natural enough, for when I looked round for my men, the hind part of the poor creature—croup and legs were missing, as if he had been cut in two, and the water ran out as it came in, without refreshing or doing him any good!

How it could have happened was quite a mystery to me, till I returned with him to the town gate. There I saw that when I rushed in pell-mell with the flying enemy, they had dropped the portcullis (a heavy, falling door, with sharp spikes at the bottom, let down suddenly, to prevent the entrance of an enemy into a fortified town), unperceived by me, which had totally cut off his hind part, that still lay quivering on the outside of the gate.

Continued on Page 3.

QUIZ for today

1. What are the "beasts of the chase" in law?
2. Who wrote (a) "Sorrell and Son," (b) "Dombey and Son"?
3. Give a proverb which contradicts "Too many cooks spoil the broth."
4. In amateur boxing, what is the maximum weight of a feather-weight?
5. What is the difference between (a) a gallon, (b) galloon?
6. What are tympani?
7. What is meant by the word Milesian?
8. What is Pennyroyal?
9. Who was Dogberry?
10. Is a metre shorter or longer than a yard. How long is it?
11. When was Nero Roman Emperor?
12. What is a Latter Day Saint?

Answers to Quiz in No. 104

1. An Indian stork.
2. (a) Franz Lehar, (b) Shakespeare.
3. Barsac is a white wine; the others are red.
4. House of Keys.
5. North-West Africa; the country of the Mauri or Moors.
6. The Archbishop of York.
7. The flourish or mark under a signature.
8. The leaves of the Indian hemp.
9. Chief character in Kipling's "Jungle Books."
10. About 2lb. 3oz.
11. Nicholas Breakspeare, who became Pope Adrian IV in the 12th century.
12. Gene Tunney.

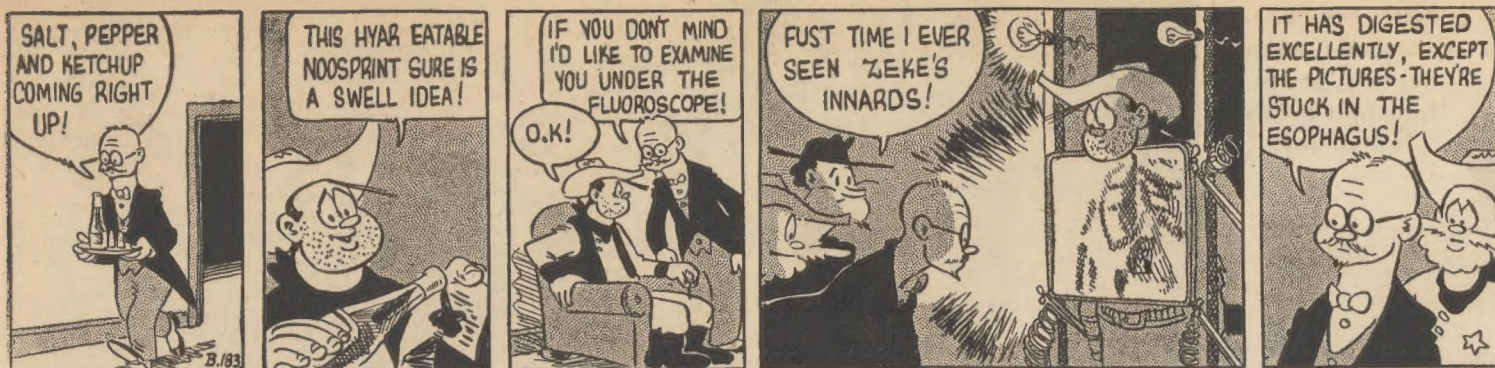
TODAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



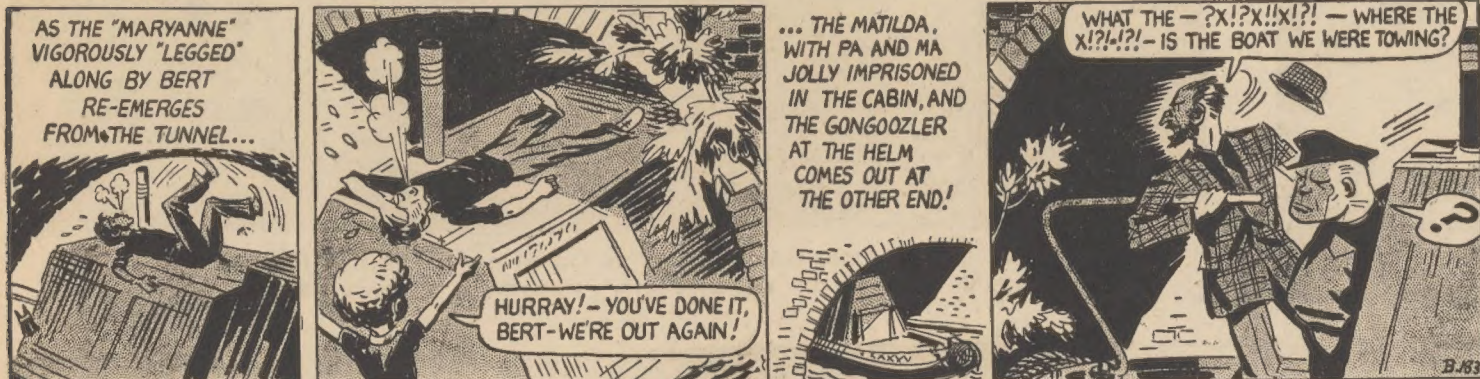
These trees are—Larch, Silver Birch, Hornbeam, Poplars or Ash? Which do you think? Answer to yesterday's — Badgers.



Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



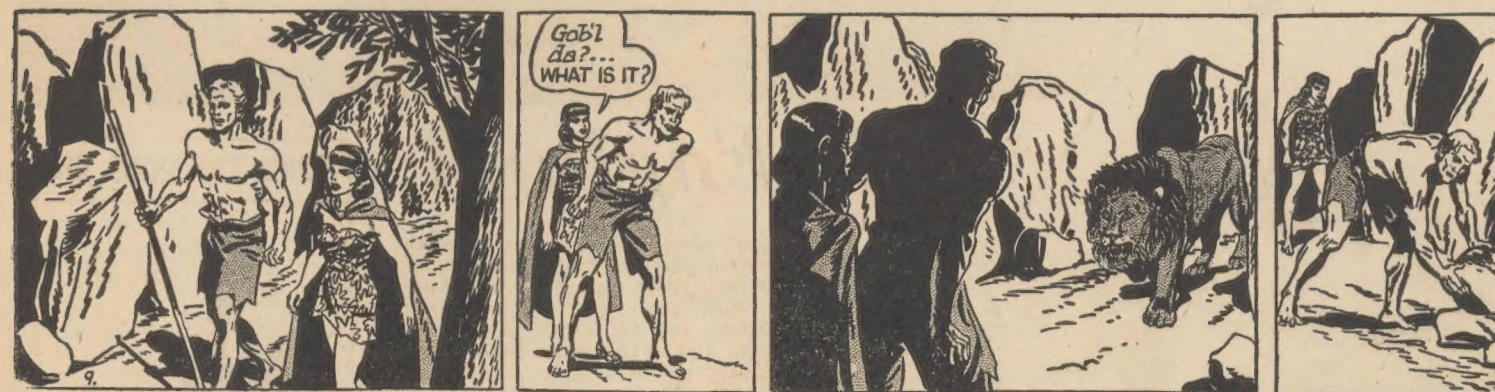
Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



BARON MUNCHAUSEN

Continued from Page 2.

A stitch in time

It would have been an irreparable loss, had not our farrier contrived to bring both parts together while hot. He sewed them up with sprigs and young shoots of laurels that were at hand. The wound healed. And what could not have happened but to so glorious a horse, the sprigs took

root in his body, grew up, and formed a bower over me; so that afterwards I could go upon many other expeditions in the shade of my own and my horse's laurels.

I was not always successful. I had the misfortune to be overpowered by numbers, to be made prisoner of war, and, what is worse, to be sold for a slave. In that state of humiliation my daily task was not very

hard and laborious, but rather singular and irksome. It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture-grounds, to attend them all the day long, and against night to drive them back to their hives.

A stinging retort

One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two bears had fallen upon her to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had nothing like an offensive weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet,

which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. I threw it at the robbers, with an intention to frighten them away and set the poor bee at liberty; but, by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upwards, and continued rising till it reached the moon.

Jack and the Beanstalk

How should I recover it? How fetch it down again? I recollected that Turkey-beans

grow very quick, and run up to an astonishing height. I planted one immediately. It grew, and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns. I had no more to do now but to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely arrived, and had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet, in a place where everything has the brightness of silver; at last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw.

I was now for returning, but,

alas! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean. It was totally useless for my descent, so I fell to work, and twisted me a rope of that chopped straw, as long and as well as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns, and slid down to earth again.

Who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe.
John Milton
(1608-1674).

Diamonds and Gold at War

ONLY two days after the Germans attacked Russia an exchange of vital munitions was made between Great Britain and Russia in the form of diamonds from Africa against platinum from the Urals. The monetary value of the goods exchanged was very large, although their bulk was small.

Diamonds are used in industry as cutting tools, contact points for gauges and profile reproducing, glass cutters, drawing dies and engraving tools.

Africa-through Britain-has sent over £550,000 worth of industrial diamonds, war stones, to Russia.

The largest consistent demand for diamonds in industry comes, and will continue to come, from armament, aircraft and general engineering. Turning with a diamond-pointed cutting tool has replaced grinding as a finish for light metal pistons, soft metal bearings, and plastic or hard rubber parts.

The finish is finer, more accurate and less costly than grinding. Because the diamond-pointed tool is many times as lasting as the steel or "sintered carbide" tool, the engineer saves time in re-grinding and re-setting the tool.

His output is increased enough to make the expense of buying diamonds instead of steel economical and profitable.

For cutting tools of the best class, diamonds of gem quality but not of gem colour are used. Flawless diamonds give best results, breakages are not likely if the crystal is without natural fissures. They are cut to exact predetermined sizes and angles.

Manufacturers have special methods of securing the stones in steel holders; some are very ingenious, enabling the diamond to be cut with a series of points round its working edge, and for each point to be brought into play as required. The design of diamond cutting tools is almost without limit.

Tungsten wires in radio-location bulbs and incandescent electric lamps are all made through diamond holes. To reduce this wire to one-hundredth of its original diameter, no less than seventy-five dies of differing sizes are used.

In the process the wire is extended to ten thousand times its original length; one yard becomes seven miles.

Precious metals are just as vital to the war effort. Silver, for instance, is needed by the ton for electroplating metal surfaces that must withstand corrosion or give a high reflection.

Silver, in the form of bromide, provides the light sensitivity of photographic film, and photographic film, of course, is the basis of R.A.F. post-bombing photography.

In many vital war industries, moreover, silver is even being used as a substitute for base metals, such as lead, tin and nickel. In the United States its use is being considered to replace copper for important non-consumptive electrical purposes.

Until a few years ago, some 96 per cent. of the world's annual output of gold was made into bars for storage by, or interchange between, the various State banks of the principal nations. It was the standard by which all other values were measured, and a limited quantity of bank notes could be exchanged for fine gold of corresponding value at any time on demand.

To-day, some of the outstanding properties of gold, which have captivated mankind through the ages, are attracting the attention in industry.

Gold-used, like silver, generally in alloyed form-is in increasing demand for certain specialised chemical processes, for electrical contacts, for measurement of high temperatures, for sensitive parts of scientific instruments, and for parts of delicate aircraft and submarine meters on which men's lives may hang.

Of course, there are still plenty of diamonds used as security, and which don't come into the war effort. War circumstances are giving crooks a good opportunity.

A very convincing diamond fake-the diamond doublet-has recently deceived dealers. One pawnbroker, states the Board of Trade, paid £100 for a stone worth only about £5.

The "doublet" is a composite stone, the top part of which is composed of genuine diamonds, and the base is of some substitute such as rock crystal. The two pieces are joined by a transparent solution, the junction being in the plane of the girdle which is hidden by the setting.

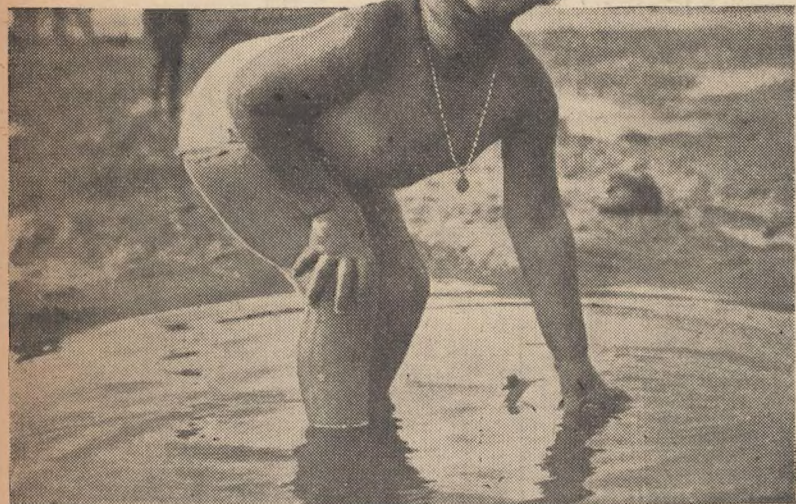
The visible portion consists of genuine material, and has the characteristic lustre, hardness and high reflectivity of diamonds.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

PARADISE

She's not over-loaded with earthly goods, but she's brim-full of joy.



Hmm! Bit of a puzzle, this. Here I've taken on the job of foster-mother, and thought I'd get on swimmingly. Damme! I can't even swim.



This England

War-time harvesting in Bushey Park, Middlesex. This famous land has not grown corn since the time of Napoleon. Very appropriate that it should yield a harvest again, and at the same time introduce the new Australian "sunshine" binder to this England.

(T)EASING

Maybe this is relaxation to Paramount star Helen Walker. To us she is decidedly stimulating.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

The kind of 'hang-over' I dream of.

